

And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,  
As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,  
That does afflicke our Natures. I am sorrie,  
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

*Ophe.* No my good Lord: but as you did command,  
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de  
His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.  
I am sorrie that with better speed and iudgement  
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,  
And meant to wracke thee: but beshrew my iaculousie:  
It seemes it is as proper to our Age,  
To cast beyond our selues in our Opinions,  
As it is common for the yonger sort  
To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,  
This must be knowne, w<sup>ch</sup> being kept close might moue  
More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter King, Queene, Rosincrance, and Guilden-  
sterne Cum alijs.*

*King.* Welcome deere Rosincrance and Guildensterne.  
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,  
The neede we haue to vse you, did prouoke  
Our hastie sending. Something haue you heard  
Of Hamlets transformation: so I call it,  
Since not th<sup>e</sup> exterior, nor the inward man  
Remembres that it was. What it should bee  
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him  
So much from th<sup>e</sup> vnderstanding of himselfe,  
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,  
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him:  
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and homour,  
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court  
Some little time: so by your Companies  
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather  
So much as from Occasions you may gleane,  
That open'd lies within our remedie.

*Qu.* Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,  
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,  
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you  
To shew vs so much Gentrie, and good will,  
As to expend your time with vs a while,  
For the supply and profit of our Hope,  
Your Visitation shall receiue such thanks  
As fits a Kings remembrance.

*Rosin.* Both your Maiesties  
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,  
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command  
Then to Entreatie.

*Guil.* We both obey,  
And here giue vp our selues, in the full bent,  
To lay our Services freely at your feete,  
To be commanded.

*King.* Thanks Rosincrance, and gentle Guildensterne.

*Qu.* Thanks Guildensterne and gentle Rosincrance.  
And I beseech you instantly to visit  
My too much changed Sonne.

*Pol.* Madam, I sweare I vse no Art at all:  
Go some of ye,  
And bring the Gentlemen where Hamlet is.

*Guil.* Heaueus make our presence and our praesent  
Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*

*Queene.* Amen.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Th<sup>e</sup> Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,  
Are ioyfully return'd.

*King.* Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes.  
*Pol.* Haue I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,  
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,

Both to my God, one to my gracious King:  
And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine  
Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure  
As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found  
The very cause of Hamlets Lunacie.

*King.* Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.

*Pol.* Giue first admittance to th<sup>e</sup> Ambassadors,  
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.

*King.* Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.  
He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found  
The head and source of all your Sonnes distemper.

*Qu.* I doubt it is no other, but the maine,  
His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

*Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.*

*King.* Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Friends:  
Say Voltumand, what from our Brother Norway?

*Volt.* Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires,  
Vpon our first, he sent out to sup preesse  
His Nephewes Leues, which to him appear'd  
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleaxe:

But better look'd into, he truly found  
It was against your Highnesse, whereat greued,  
That to his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence  
Was fallie borne in hand, sends out Arrefts  
On Fortinbras, which he (in breefe) obeyes,

Receiues rebuke from Norway: and in fine,  
Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more  
To giue th<sup>e</sup> assay of Armes against your Maiestie.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with ioy,  
Giues him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,  
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers  
So leuied as before, against the Poleaxe:

With an intreatie herein further shewne,  
That it might please you to giue quiet passe  
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,  
On such regards of safety and allowance,  
As therein are set downe.

*King.* It likes vs well:  
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,  
Answer, and thinke vpon this Businesse.

Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.  
Go to your rest, at night we'll Feast together.  
Most welcome home. *Exit Ambass.*

*Pol.* This businesse is very well ended.  
My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate  
What Maiestie should be, what Dutie is,  
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,  
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time.

Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,  
And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,  
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:  
Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,  
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.  
But let that go.

*Qu.* More matter, with lesse Art.

*Pol.* Madam, I sweare I vse no Art at all:  
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And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,  
But farewell it: for I will vse no Art. *Mad*

Mad let vs grant him then: and now remains  
That we finde out the cause of this effect,  
Or rather say, the cause of this defect:  
For this effect defective, comes by cause,  
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend,  
I haue a daughter, whil'ft she is mine,  
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,  
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and surmise.

*The Letter.*  
To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautified O-  
phelia.

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautified is a vilde  
Phrase: but you shall heare these in her excellent white  
bolome, thele.

*Qu.* Came this from Hamlet to her.

*Pol.* Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

*Qu.* I doubt it is no other, but the maine,  
His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

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Most welcome home. *Exit Ambass.*

In the Lobby.

*Qu.* So he ha's indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,  
Be you and I behinde an Artas then,  
Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,  
And be not from his reason false thereon;  
Let me be no Assistant for a State,  
And keepe a Farme and Casters.

*King.* We will try it.

*Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.*

*Qu.* But looke where sadly the poore wretch  
Comes reading.

*Pol.* Away I do beseech you, both away,  
Ile boord him presently. *Exit King & Queen.*  
Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord Hamlet?

*Ham.* Well, God-a-mercy.

*Pol.* Do you know me, my Lord?

*Ham.* Excellent, excellent well: y<sup>e</sup> are a Fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I, my Lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest, my Lord?

*Ham.* I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee  
one man pick'd out of two thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true, my Lord.

*Ham.* For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge,  
being a good kissing Carrion—  
Haue you a daughter?

*Pol.* I haue my Lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walke i<sup>th</sup> Sunne: Conception is a  
blesing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend  
looke too't.

*Pol.* How say you by that? Still harping on my daugh-  
ter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmon-  
ger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth,  
I suffred much extremitie for loue: very neere this. Ile  
speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter, my Lord?

*Ham.* Betweene who?

*Pol.* I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

*Ham.* Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall slaue saies here,  
that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrin-  
kled; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree  
Gumme: and that they haue a plentifull Locke of Wit,  
together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I  
most powerfully, and potently beleeue; yet I holde it  
not Honestie to haue it thus set downe: For you your  
selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could  
go backward.

*Pol.* Though this be madnesse,  
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke  
Out of the ayre my Lord?

*Ham.* Into my Graue?

*Pol.* Indeed that is out o<sup>th</sup> Ayre:  
How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?  
A happinesse,  
That often Madnesse hits on,  
Which Reason and Sanitie could not  
So prosperously be deliuer'd of.  
I will leaue him,  
And sodainely contriue the meanes of meeting  
Betweene him, and my daughter.

*Pol.* You know sometimes

He walkes foure houres together, heere